

Volume 8, Issue 7

November 3, 1993

# STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought



STUDENT REVIEW  
Foundation for  
Student Thought  
P.O. Box 2217  
Provo, UT 84603

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Year VIII • Issue VII

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Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, *SR*, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or Barney Fife.

*Student Review* is a magazine that is interested in filling all the space in the staff box. Because of this we will sometimes write meaningless paragraphs in order to maintain a good looking box. Look forward to seeing this box in future papers near you.

### Note from the Editor:

## Sunday Fun

Our house was asked to teach the Priesthood lesson last week. The Elder's Quorum President had told us that he wanted a lesson like the ones I used to teach last year when I was an Elder's Quorum Teacher. In every lesson I would utilize my roommates as actors in skits and roleplays to illustrate the points of the lesson. Every once in awhile the skits didn't even relate to the lesson. Our peers were always very entertained and my slightly unorthodox teaching style became rather popular. In hopes to get some more good entertainment we were asked to teach again, since the quorum lessons had become a bit drab. Our lesson on resisting temptation included dressing in drag (consisting of a wig) and showing situations where people were tempted in various ways (ie: alone in a room with a girl, cheating on a test, sleeping through church, robbing a bank or persecuting the meek). I went on to make some points about using your mind and acting as you think you should in similar situations and we ended by showing the same scenes and having the tempted resist the evil temptations, throwing in an evil roommate trying to tempt his friend to read *Student Review*.

Everyone enjoyed it thoroughly and they went on to the more "serious" lessons and talks of the day's meetings, our flash of creativity quickly left behind as a fond memory. I began to wonder, if people enjoy it so much, why don't we do it in all our meetings and lessons. I don't necessarily refer to doing roleplays, but simply being creative and trying to surprise people with good ideas. I fear that many times creativity is severely stifled in church meetings. I think to the speakers that try so hard to imitate some of the General Authorities and call everyone to repentance in a low soothing, monotone voice, quoting scripture after scripture, or the teachers that read slowly and deliberately from the lesson manuals asking questions like, "What should we do if our friends try and make us do things we don't want to do?" My biggest pet peeve along these lines is the people that volunteer to read scriptures and proceed to do so in the plainest, dulllest voice possible, hoping to avoid any expression whatsoever. When Nephi asked his brothers not to touch him he probably didn't say it in a plain, monotone voice. I assume he shouted it. When I read it, I shout it. People often get startled and think me strange, but it seems to me that we should read it as we think they would have said it in order to get the full meaning.

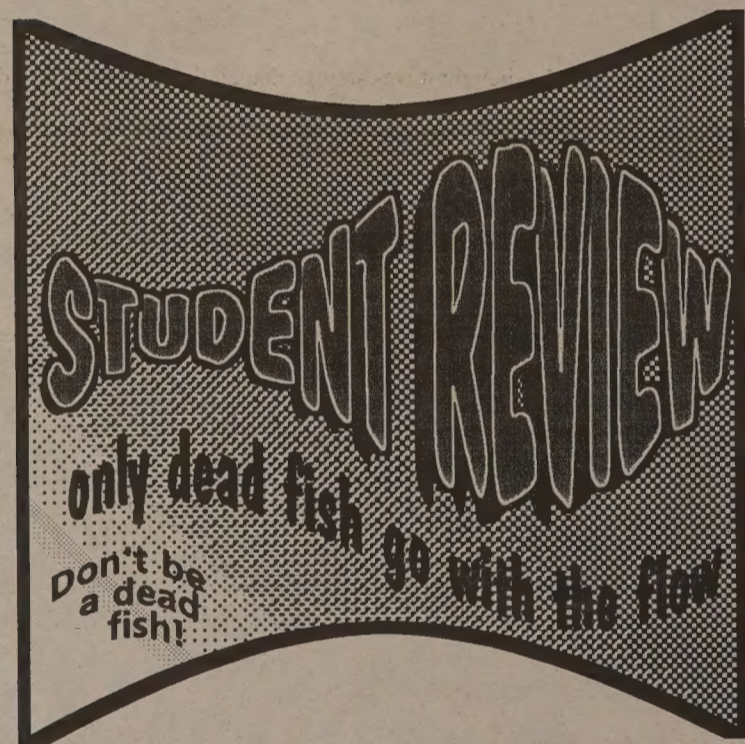
There are definitely times when creativity should be put aside. The sacrament and prayers are two that come to mind. But in almost any other situation, there is no need to stifle your creativity. I remember my father who was notorious for his talks. Every time he spoke he would somehow incorporate asking people in the audience to stand up and answer questions. No one else ever did it, but everyone got excited for his talks to see what he would do. My roommate taught a Blazer class over the summer, normally a hellish job, but instead of foolishly trying to get them to all sit down and listen to lessons out of the manual, he would have everyone just roam around the room and talk about whatever they wanted. He put in his views every once in a while to try to guide the conversation, but they were just learning what they wanted. I always enjoy when people use quality literary references. I don't mean cheesy Mormon poetry, or children's books, but outstanding literature that relates to the topic at hand.

Be a little wacky, do something that might surprise somebody. Church really can be fun, it just takes somebody to try something a little bit different, maybe even entertain people.

*Scott Whitmore*

## Staff people of the week:

The 43rd annual *Student Review* Wing Ding was a great success and we'd like to thank all those staff members that contributed to it's well being. Jay, Matt and Zach did a fantastic job in the bowling alley of death. Kathryn and Jennifer did great work in the kissing booth with help from the soft lips of Matt and Serge, and Rachel and Emily had a fine performance at the bobbing booth. So many other little people did things to help us, including people who aren't even on the staff. I'd like to take this time to just name a few. Schlepy, bobo, gernoimo, farm boy, Zeke, Amazing Larry, Olivia, Bam-Bam, Jeep, Holyoke, Papa Smurf, The Egyptian Magician, Frank Rizzo, Arty Fufkin, Chester, Slappy, Sven, Wilbert, Car Crash Joe, Uncle Wille, Betty the amazing Human Eyelid, Captain Rick, Betsy Ross, Roberto, Anseline, Sanberto, Yellow Bob, IronlegMcGee, Gunther, Hodgje, and Gleek.



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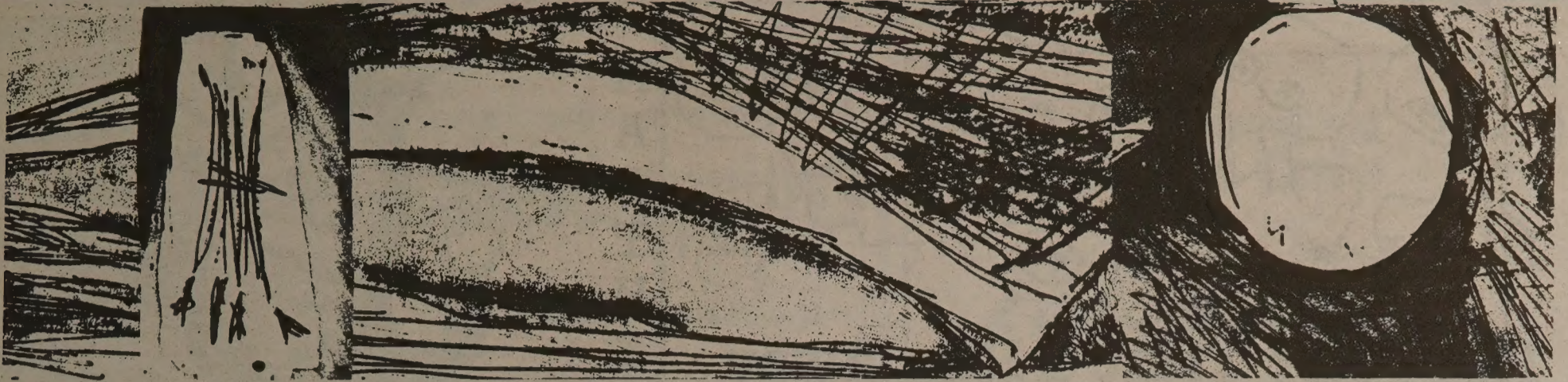
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## When You Know You Will Thoughts on H.D. Thoreau and T.T. Williams

by Sarah Graham

One day a man wakes up and realizes he is alive. He knows someday, this will not be so. He looks around him and sees other men, most of them spending their days doing the same things. They work on their farms, they go to their offices, they swap talk in the streets. They live comfortably. He sees this is wrong. Life—it must be grasped and held and chased. You must suck the marrow out of it, live deep, live deliberately. So he does something unconventional—he abandons civilization (except for the necessities of laundry and pie) and

moves to the woods. Ah! Nature! Here he is in the pulse of life. Here he can do as he pleases, and live and live. He will not regret his life. He will not, when death finally takes him, feel he has compromised or simply bided time. Live now, while you still can, he says.

One day a woman wakes up and realizes that she has lived deep and deliberately, and that she is going to die. She has gone out into the wilderness, she has explored and loved and felt and learned. But her wilderness is changing shape, and the ones she loves are dying. This happens without her consent. All the time she was grabbing life, death was walking beside her, in front

of her, maybe bringing up the rear. It was always there. She must lose her need for safety, her need to avoid death as a matter of principle. She must embrace death, it is life's constant companion. Death, change, is what determines life. We know things are alive because they grow, they change. So she goes to the wilderness, and she listens to it, gets down into it, watches it

change. She realizes her refuge is love, not a constant place or person, and that if she can love death she can make change a part of her refuge. It doesn't happen right away. It takes time to see the dance and the struggle as the same.

You write *Walden* when you know you will not live forever. You write *Refuge* when you know you will die.

## Six End Pieces: A Comedy of Koans

by Len

### *The Missing Pups*

As he walked into the store, he thought it was strange that all the dogs in the window were all gone.

"Hi," he said, managing a half smile. "Where are all the pups?"

"The boss came and got them," she answered.

"Huh?" he asked, cool as possible.

"The boss gave them all to the orphans," she answered again. And they all lived happily ever after.

### *A Holiday Story*

She was smiling and playing lazily with the ornaments. Her mother said something and walked out the door. She was still a little tired. She had awakened only a minute before.

The End

### *The Dancing Camel*

I am The Dancing Camel. I am not afraid of any dancing bears, monkeys, or octopi. Ramen noodles are the main staple of my diet. I do enjoy a coconut now and again but, everybody has vices.

### *Hossenfeffer (a musical)*

**Scene 1:** Thor, Zlotka, Karatekea are sitting around a table with a pot of Ramen on it. They each have a fork.

**Thor:** As I sit here, I grow more and more weary.

**Zlotka:** So do I!

**Karatekea:** So do I!

**All:** (singing) *We grow weary!*

**Narrator:** THE END!

### *My Name is Rackenspuel*

The top secret agent X-3k489 raced his sports car down the sleepy Idaho back road. He stopped at a small gas station. He got gas. He left. He came across a bunch of menaces to world freedom. He foiled their fiendish plots. Agent X-3k489 got back on the sleepy Idaho back road. He was stopped by a cop. He got a ticket.

"I am a secret agent," said X-3k489. "So, Officer Rakelspuen, let me go."

"My name is Rackenspuel!" said the cop as he wrote out a ticket.

The End

### *A Science Fiction Story*

This story takes place in the year 2045. It is a conversation between the last two beavers on earth.

**Beaver 1:** I feel like I'm dying.

**Beaver 2:** Me too.

And so they died.

### Kingman

It is the road you must use your  
Lights on, even at noon, The silver crosses  
at each bend mark the numbers dead—  
among them that girl last month.

Chris and I find the bend and leave dried branches  
At her cross. She is not buried here, but  
The cemetery says less or nothing of how  
She lived, how ultimately she found religion.

Her death serves as a warning now,  
Buckle Up, Slow Down, You G—d—  
Afternoon Drunks, one among a dozen  
Like her. Her curve is blind and sharp.

He and I could stay here. A car  
Hitting this same spot would throw us  
Over the steel markers, and we  
Would join the others in the mission for safety.

I cross the freeway, stand under the brush  
Hanging from the rock wall. The headlights on  
The silver leave spots on my eyes, obscuring  
Him when he signals to leave.

Babs Norfolk

### A Mixed-Up Boy and His Metaphor

I vowed to quit attempting poetry,  
especially in meter: it requires  
a confidence akin to certainty,  
and I'm unsure of everything.  
You're far from me. I offer you my life;  
you're not around to take it. So I try  
to find a word to send you, to hang my life  
on, a word to say to you, a word to try  
to say. I summon clowns and watch their antics,  
and think too hard about their meanings, so  
I never laugh. I shout blue songs, but can't  
sing you away from the crossroads back to me.

The Word's been spoken, but we didn't hear  
the first time: let's together try again, to love

Glynnie Walley

POETRY

# Campus Life



## The First Time I Ran Away

by Melissa Brooks

I remember when I first ran away from home. Technically, the story I am about to tell is not truly the first time I ran away from home. The real first time I ran away was a long journey on foot, out the front door (slamming it behind me to make a bigger impact) and into the backyard. I hid in the pool closet and waited for a long time. But nobody came, which meant that nobody cared. I went back into the house. And another time when I ran away, I covered...lets say yards...up the street. I just ran up the street, like I actually had a destination. In my real run away story which follows, I didn't run away. Sounds funny. I drove.

My mother, Michele, made me run away. Anyone would want to leave a house where their mother drove them crazy. I can't remember when she started singing the Cougar fight song. At the beginning, she sang every Sunday morning to resurrect my brother and sisters and I from our deep comas to get ready for church. We got up so that she would shut up.

Michele didn't limit her Cougar fan club activities to Sunday mornings. Holidays and birthdays were included. Every year for Christmas, every kid would open some beautiful present (we always knew which one because it was wrapped in blue and white striped paper and tied with blue ribbons) ordered straight from the BYU Bookstore catalogs...a t-shirt, a sweatshirt, stationery, BYU-opoly, a Cougar bear skin rug for our fireplace in the family room. One year we found key chains which sounded off the Cougar fight song in our stockings. What could she think of next? Those gifts were expected. Every year. I remember when I was in kindergarten, Michele purchased a baby-sized, navy-blue, BYU t-shirt (complete with a roaring Cougar imprinted on the front) for my baby doll. Sure, I owned a doll, but it was somewhere under my bed or in my closet. I hadn't seen it in months. I wasn't a very good "mommy," but it was hard to be when I liked playing "Guns" and "Rambo" and "Swiss Family Robinson" with my neighbors, Mark and Lance. I wasn't into dressing dolls, so the shirt ended up on the cat.

At the beginning of my junior year in high school, my true-blue, loyal Cougar fan mother paraded around the house waving a flannel college flag (the triangle kind) with BYU embroidered across the front and sang the Cougar fight song to wake us up from naps. "Rise and shout the Cougars are out." You are out, I would yell at my mother. She sang at every opportunity: "Rise all loyal Cougars." I am not a loyal Cougar, therefore I will not rise. She always interrupted my naps. She sang the tune in the kitchen, while we would watch MTV—all the time. You see, it was college application filing time and she wanted to make one last attempt to influence my decisions. Truly a desperate attempt. Obnoxious, too.

Articles from the *Daily Universe* (she subscribes) and articles about the BYU Football team and the BYU-this and the BYU-that were taped to the mirrors in my bathroom or on the door to my room. My mother was determined and desperate to send her child to BYU. And I was determined and desperate not ever to go there. Out of spite, I would haunt her with stories that I was seriously considering Chico State, voted as one of the largest party schools in the nation. This not only upset her, it prompted her to sing "Rise and Shout" that much louder.

Michele was out-of-control. I was a junior and couldn't apply until I was a senior, but she had already xeroxed the BYU application and started filling it out for me. A whole year early. She typed a resume. She outlined possible ideas for essays. She called BYU, every day. I don't know who she called. I don't know why. I don't really care. All I cared about was the fact that I needed to escape the torture. I needed to run away.

The night before my little escapade, my twin sister (also desiring to bail from Michele's antics) and I pretended to be busily studying at our desks. (I'm surprised Michele didn't figure out something at this point because we hardly ever studied at our desks.) "You would make a great BYU student working hard like that," she suggested. Little did Michele know, when she would peek in on us, that our duffel bags were packed in the closet and ready to go. The following morning, MaryBeth (my twin sister) and I woke up at the usual 5:00 (yes, a.m.) hour to get ready for early-morning cemetery, I mean seminary. Mom and Dad were nestled in their beds. It was almost too easy carrying duffel bags down the hall, past my parents' bedroom, toward the garbage, to put them in the trunk of our car. And then, as MaryBeth and I raided the kitchen for car snacks, Michele appeared in the kitchen.

Looking at the kitchen counters camouflaged by cereal boxes and crackers, Michele asked, "What are you doing?"

"Packing our lunches, mom," MaryBeth quickly and smartly responded.

"You are going to be late for seminary."

"We are leaving. Good bye."

It was a good goodbye. See ya later, Michele! She had no clue.

At lunch, MaryBeth and I darted past the school security people, which drove around on golf carts to apprehend students, and jumped into our Honda. We cruised out of the school parking lot, windows down, with the Grateful Dead Song, "Truckin'," blasting on our stereo. We were truckin'.

"MaryBeth, look what I have," I said as I held out Michele's Chevron gas card. We giggled together.

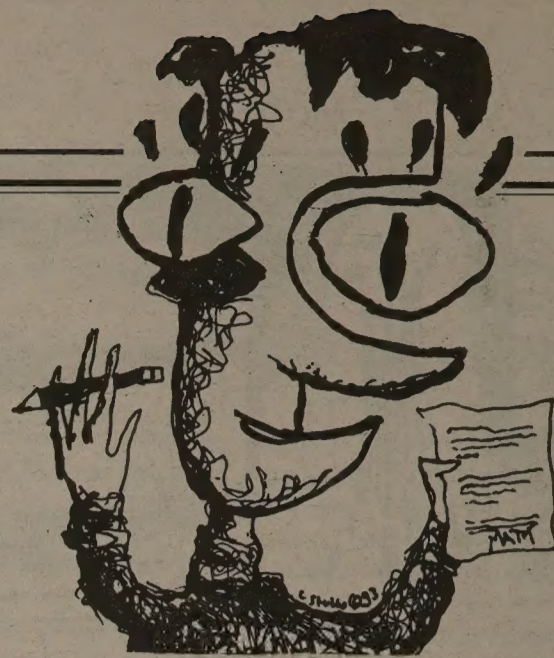
We were off, like Thelma and Louise, completely set with car snacks and the gas card. We didn't have a map. All we had was the knowledge that Interstate 15 would take us to Vegas. We arrived in "Sin City" at dinner. We stopped at a payphone in front of Circus Circus and telephoned Michele, who expected us back home from soccer practice at any time.

"Oh, Melissa. Where are you? Are you in town running errands?"

"We are in town alright," I said, trying to muffle my hysterical giggling.

"What? Oh, well, will you be home soon?"

I blurted, "No. Mom, we are in Vegas." Click. We hung up the phone and jumped into our car, after a fill-up compliments of Michele. We had run away (OK, we had driven away) and we couldn't be stopped.



MATTHEW

WORKMAN'S

5629

WASTED

CHARACTERS

## To All the Girls I've Loved Before (My Very Own Kiss and Tell)

I doubt I'll ever live this down, so I'd better write a column about it now.

A few weeks ago, my roommates were planning the event that would eventually become the 43rd Annual *Student Review* Halloween Wing Ding. They were looking for gimmicky attractions to keep the audience occupied between bands, and somebody suggested a kissing booth. Somebody else suggested calling it the "Wasted Kisses Booth" and having me hand out smooches to any female who had "a dollar and a dream." All this took place while I was at class or Mama's Cafe, or wherever it is I spend my time. By the time I got home, the "Jump Matt" booth was a done deal and I was informed of this decision by my "friends" as they made up the flyer. Despite my objections, my roommates convinced me I had a duty to help the *Review* get on more stable financial ground. They also told me Dave Barry had to do this when he was in college.

As the time for the *Wing Ding* drew nearer, I became the object of sarcastic comments from friends and acquaintances. "Hey Matt, who's your pimp?" they would say. I started becoming the object of (you guessed it) anonymous phone calls from people wondering if I would be healthy for the big event. To enhance my anxiety, a few editors at *Student Review* printed nasty little jokes about my kissing abilities. Posters were up in supermarkets, ads were in the paper, thousands of flyers had been distributed. All made reference to the Matt Workman Booth. There was no way out of this one.

Finally the big day arrived and I went to the McDonald Health Center to make sure I had a clean bill of health. I had been battling a head cold that week and didn't want to infect the daughters of Provo. Unfortunately, the doctors gave me a clean bill of health and eliminated any possibility of me backing out. With that, it appeared my worst nightmares were about to come true. What if some disgusting woman came up to me with \$20 and demanded I "make it worth her money"? What if I lost my nerve and let it be known that I had never before kissed anyone in public? What if I got mono? What if I kissed some woman and she said, "That's the most disgusting experience of my life!" These were questions that weighed heavy on my mind as I drove to Meridian School early Friday evening.

I arrived at the *Wing Ding* just as volunteers were putting the finishing touches on my "work station." There was a doorway provided for the "first date" kiss (cost: 50 cents) and the back seat of a car for the "squaw peak" kiss (cost: one dollar.) There was also the good news that I would not be working alone. Two females were recruited to drum up the male side of the business, and Serge Martinez, former Campus Life stallion, was hired to provide consumers a choice of kissers. Before I knew what was happening, we were in business.

A small group of people headed for our booth and I began wondering if there was any way I could fake a seizure and be escorted from the building with my virtue intact. The answer was no. People eyed me, and Jenn, who acted as our pimp for the evening, kept shining a flashlight in my eyes as customers asked who they were allowed to kiss. I was positive Dave Barry never had to go through this. I was a piece of meat, reduced to the status of a common street-walker (a profession I will never mock again.) It was then I was glad my mother was thousands of miles away. What would she think of this, her only son being sold to any female who could produce a dollar? Mom would have insisted I charge at least five bucks.

As it turns out, my first customer *did* produce five dollars and used it to buy five "squaw peak" experiences. While the whole thing was a little awkward, it really wasn't too bad. Customer number two displayed the effects of what can only be described as "a severe case of sexual repression," but that was all right too. By the time customers three and four came calling, I was beginning to think I had just stumbled upon the greatest job ever invented. Serge was also contemplating leaving school in favor of this newfound profession.

The evening wore on and evolved into a scene of such scandal and debauchery that I dare not describe it, for fear of my mother getting a copy of this paper. Rest assured that I will never be elected to any high government office.

"Kisses" cont. page 11

## Top Twenty

1. huge maple leaves
2. Tootsie rolls
3. calling in sick
4. Edgar Allen Poe
5. love in the morning
6. hand rubs
7. Wing Ding
8. two magnets
9. clean offices
10. Whip It
11. getting a job
12. prescriptions
13. clothes returned washed
14. pineapple-orange
15. functional jewelry
16. Vincent Price (R.I.P.)
17. The Kings Men
18. first post-mission kiss
19. hydraulic lifts
20. Ernie

## Bottom Ten

scraping frost, corruption, getting a job, philosophy papers, bulky wallets, mayonnaise brownies, museum prices, cleaning checks, kissing mania, Barney

## Eavesdroppings

Testing center, main floor, October 18, 10:00 a.m.

Couple on their way to take a test: Okay ...one cough means A, two coughs means B.

Smith Family Living Center, October 9, 10:14 a.m.

Woman to man: And I said, "okay—he's going to kiss me." And then he kissed me. And then he locked onto me and I started thinking, "This is getting inappropriate."

Twilight Zone, October 4, 1:24 p.m.

Guy #1: Dude, my mom is running for Senate.

Guy #2: Dude, no way. Why is your dad letting her do that?

## Eavesdroppings

## Get Warm at Mama's Cafe

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## & Mama's Live Venue

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thursday 4 - Greg Smith

friday 5 - Mike Waterman

saturday 6 - Johnny Rowan

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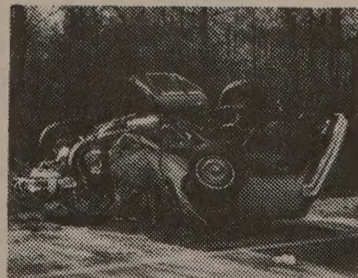
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# Religion

## Epitaph for a King: Joseph Smith's King Follett Discourse

by Sunny McClellan

Most Mormons are familiar with—even flippant about—their unusual beliefs in the plurality of gods and the human ability to achieve godhood. But many Latter-day Saints don't know when or where the doctrine first appeared, and that the King Follett Discourse in which it was given was Joseph Smith's most eloquent and doctrinally-advanced. The King Follett Discourse has strongly influenced Mormon doctrine—but how many Mormons ever read it, let alone give it the close study it deserves? This sermon, along with the Pearl of Great Price, brings us some of our most exhilarating doctrines. Furthermore, it shows Joseph Smith at the height of his prophetic career: we can see both his spiritual maturity and his development as a leader.

First a little background on the sermon itself. It was preached as a funeral sermon for Joseph's friend, King Follett, a fifty-six-year-old man who was crushed by falling rocks while down in a well. Joseph's immediate purpose was to comfort those who mourned Follett and other lost loved ones, but he also wanted to summarize his lifelong spiritual education. From his personal and public records, we get the feeling that Joseph knew his time was short; he gave the discourse about two months before he was martyred. So this sermon—mostly about the afterlife and our relationship to deity—was given with his own mortality staring him in the face. Furthermore, internal dissent and external persecution made Joseph sensitive to the criticism that was being leveled at him daily. Both Joseph's sense of urgency in sharing his insight and his defense of his own authority are evident in the powerful language of the discourse.

The King Follett speech is most famous for its doctrines on humans as "gods in embryo." Now a hundred and fifty years later, Mormons have gotten used to seeing themselves as budding deities, and it is difficult to grasp the full effect of this speech on the young church. But Joseph Smith's words still maintain their clear forcefulness, as witnessed by the following excerpts from an amalgamation of various accounts of the King Follett Discourse.

### On the nature of God:

*"It is necessary for us to have an understanding of God himself in the beginning...If men do not comprehend the character of God, they do not comprehend their own character. They cannot comprehend anything that is past or that which is to come; they do not know—they do not understand their own relationship to God."*

*"What sort of a being was God in the beginning?...God, Himself, who sits enthroned in yonder heavens is a Man like unto one of yourselves—that is the great secret."*

*"I am going to tell you how God came to be God and what sort of being He is. For we have imagined that God was God from the beginning of all eternity. I will refute that idea and take away the veil so you may see. He once was a man like one of us and God Himself, the Father of us all, once dwelled on an earth the same as Jesus Christ himself did in the flesh...What the Father did...[was] to lay down His body and take it up again. Jesus, what are you going to do? To lay down my life as my Father laid down His body that I might take it up again...I saw my Father work out His kingdom with fear and trembling and I am doing the same, too. When I get my kingdom, I will give it to the Father and it will add to and exalt His glory. He will take a higher exaltation and I will take His place and am also exalted, so that He obtains kingdom rolling upon kingdom.' So Jesus treads in His tracks as He had gone before and then inherits what God did before."*

### On the human ability to become divine:

*"[You will] inherit and enjoy the same glory, powers, and exaltation until you ascend a throne of eternal power and arrive at the station of a God...You have got to learn how to make yourselves Gods in order to save yourselves and be kings and priests to God, the same as all Gods have done—by going from grace to grace...from exaltation to exaltation—till you are able to sit in everlasting burnings*

*and everlasting power and glory as those who have gone before, sit enthroned."*

### On God as our Creator:

*"Our bodies were created by the gods, but our intelligences were with Him from the beginning." [God] found Himself in the midst of spirits and glory. Because He was greater He saw proper to institute laws whereby the rest, who were less in intelligence, could have a privilege to advance like Himself and be exalted with Him, so that they might have one glory upon another in all that knowledge, power, and glory. So he took in hand to save the world of spirits."*

These doctrines, though not completely new to present-day Mormons, offered a terrifyingly radical theology. To view both yourself and the gods (more than one?!) as beings progressing along the same path? Joseph tempered his remarks, though, by adding that we shouldn't be too quick to envision our own godly states. "It will be a great while after the grave before you learn to understand the last, for it is a great thing to learn salvation beyond the grave and it is not all to be comprehended in this world." Joseph also discussed the role of the gods in creation—or rather, organization—of the physical elements of the world, an account which draws heavily on the Pearl of Great Price. Woven into this broad vision of eternity are doctrinal treatises on temple work for the dead, the unpardonable sin,

resurrection, baptism, and spiritual death. And of all these things, Joseph commented, "This is good doctrine. It tastes good."

But doctrinal innovations aside, the King Follett Discourse is important for showing Joseph

Smith himself at the height of his mortal ministry. Over the years his leadership and prophetic qualities had matured; he could speak with eloquence and authority. The Discourse contains forceful statements of his authority to preach the word of God.

*"I am learned and know more than all the world put together—the Holy Ghost does, anyhow. If the Holy Ghost in me comprehends more than all the world, I will associate myself with it...If you don't believe it, you don't believe the Bible. The Scriptures say it and I defy all hell—all the learned wisdom and records and all the combined powers of earth and hell together to refute it!"*

B. H. Roberts commented in *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, "The Prophet lived his life in crescendo. From small beginnings, it rose in breadth and power as he neared its close. As a teacher he reached the climax of his career in this discourse. After it there was but one thing more he could do—seal his testimony with his blood. This he did less than three months later" (355-56n). Joseph indeed offered a sealing testimony of the gospel and his role in it. The closing passages of the King Follett Discourse are an epitaph fit for a King in Zion—with an ominously final tone that must have awed and even frightened his listeners.

*"I have intended my remarks to all—to all the rich and poor, bond and free, great and small. I have no enmity against any man. I love all men—I love you all, but hate their deeds. I am their best friend, and if persons miss their mark it is their own fault. If I reprove a man, and he hate me, he is a*

*fool; for I love all men, especially these my brothers and sisters."*

*"You don't know me—you never will. You never knew my heart. No man knows my history...I don't blame you for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself. I never did harm to any man since I have been born in the world. My voice is always for peace. I cannot lie down until my work is finished. I never think evil nor think anything to the harm of my fellowman. When I am called at the trumpet and weighed in the balance, you will know me then. I add no more. God bless you. Amen."*

### Joseph, Shortly Before His Death

If you knew who I really am, it would astonish you. I have a dream; well, more like a vision. I see farther, faster, deeper. And yet I am a man. Impatience—the bane of my life. I want to take them all into the vision. Farther, faster, deeper. And yet they are but women and men.

I see farther, past my death (which comes quickly: I must hurry) to Brigham and others grasping my vision gripping it, unsure, regripping. They don't have it quite right yet. They are but men and I (but a man) their surrogate Teacher.

Emma— (heartsong and ache in the word) All her weariness and confusion. With me gone, she won't be quite able to cope, just as I would fall apart if she left me. But I will do the leaving, as usual, leaving her for the glory of heaven. Deserting her,

and Julia, my dark-eyed angel daughter and the next Joseph, my firstborn surviving son (they will confuse him by setting him up as me), and Frederick, and little Alexander.

But, looking forward to when I will bequeath my church-family and my Emma-family to Brigham (he'll succeed with one of them).

Then— Then I will be able to move farther, faster, deeper, being no longer but a man.

I will move with Hyrum, who comes with me, to heaven and Alvin, dear brother who waits impatiently, hand-in-hand with my firstborn, firstdead Alvin-son, and Thaddeus and Louisa, my own twins together with their adopted brother Joseph (sorely missed by twin sister Julia). And I will visit briefly with David Hyrum, yet unborn, before sending him to comfort Emma.

Then I will move with the sound of rushing waters, farther, faster, deeper, mingling with gods and preparing the way for my elect lady and my elect children and my elect church-family. Death will only conquer me briefly, before I, moving in the eternal round, fulfill the measure of creation. You will know me when the trumpet sounds. But if now you were to know who I am, it would astonish you; Sometimes it astonishes me.

## The First Vision: An Amalgamation

by Mark Ashurst-McGee

Although the First Vision is one of the greatest events which has ever occurred, most Latter-day Saints are only familiar with the account that is given in The Pearl of Great Price. But there are at least twenty-two significant accounts of the First Vision, given either by Joseph Smith or by someone who had personally heard the story from Joseph. Each of these accounts offers a slightly different perspective on this magnificent event, as each was recorded for different audiences, at different times, and with different purposes. While Joseph's personal descriptions of the vision are assumedly more "pure," secondhand accounts contain unique twists and details that are only hinted at in Joseph's accounts. Several secondhand accounts given after the Prophet's death contain aspects of the vision not found anywhere else, but the degree of embellishment renders them suspect.

A student of the First Vision, then, has several texts to study, but must weigh each according to its author, when it was written, and the context in which it was written. The most effective way to study the First Vision is to look at each account individually. Another valuable method is to overlay them to construct an amalgamation, or harmony.

Such an amalgamation follows. This particular harmony includes only the first- and secondhand accounts written during the Prophet's lifetime. The official 1838 version, originally prepared by the Prophet for publication and now included in the Pearl of Great Price, carries the most weight. Second in weight is the famous Wentworth letter, because it was also prepared to tell the story publicly. Next come the two other Joseph Smith accounts in chronological order (1832 and 1835), a brief note in a Joseph Smith journal, and a news report given in Joseph's words. Other sources written before the Prophet's death include the first published accounts by Orson Pratt and Orson Hyde, and a journal entry by Alexander Neibuhr, a friend who heard Joseph relate his experience.

In making the amalgamation, I have tried to include the details from every account considered. But, in differences of fact, chronology, or wording, I have given more weight to the more reliable sources. Every word in the amalgamation has been carefully chosen from the accounts. The wording may seem awkward in some passages because I have tried to be true to each account without smoothing things over too much to better fit the amalgamation narrative. Spelling and punctuation have been updated.

I suggest that this harmony be read alongside the standard Pearl of Great Price text; this will help those who only know one version to appreciate both the consistency and the variations that show up in other versions and appreciate this fuller picture of the First Vision.

### The Amalgamation

Exactly over his head he saw a very glorious pillar of light/fire above the brightness of the sun at noon day. The light appeared to be gradually descending towards him. And as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time that it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness for some distance around was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner. He expected to have seen the leaves and boughs of the trees consumed as soon as

the light came in contact with them. But perceiving that it did not have that effect, he was encouraged with the hope of being able to endure its presence. It descended gradually until it rested upon him and the earth, and he was enveloped in the midst of it. When it first came upon him, it produced a peculiar sensation throughout his whole system. He was comforted and he was filled with the Spirit of God and with unspeakable joy. His mind was taken away from the objects with which he was surrounded, and he was wrapped in a heavenly vision, and the Lord opened the heavens upon him.

And then he saw a glorious personage in this pillar of light/flame (which was spread all around and yet nothing consumed) who had light complexion, blue eyes, and a piece of white cloth drawn over his shoulders, his right arm bare. After a while, another personage soon appeared like unto the first and came to the side of the first. They exactly resembled each other in features and likeness. Their brightness and glory defied all description. They were standing above him in the air, surrounded with a brilliant light which eclipsed the sun at noon-day.

They told him that his prayers had been answered, and that the Lords had decided to grant him a special blessing. The first personage spake unto him calling him by name and said (pointing to the second), "This is my beloved son. Hear him."

And he spake unto him saying, "Joseph, my son, thy sins are forgiven thee. Go thy way—walk in my statutes and keep my commandments. Behold I am the Lord of glory. I was crucified for the world that all those who believe on my

name may have eternal life."

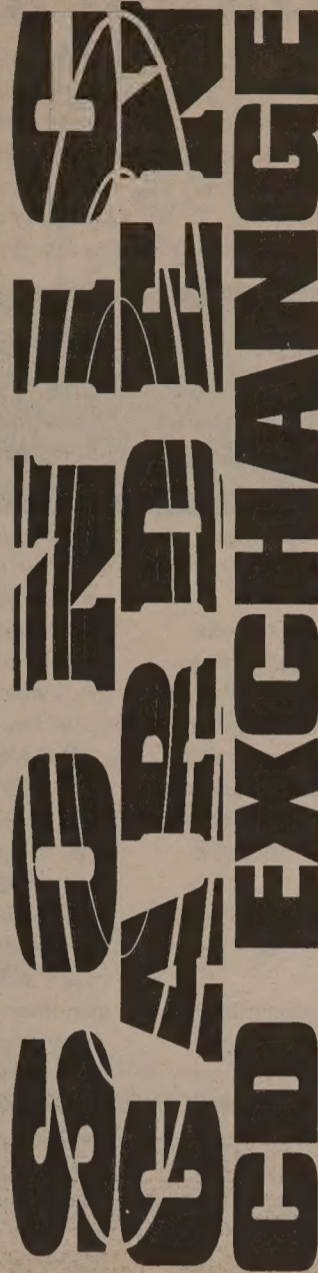
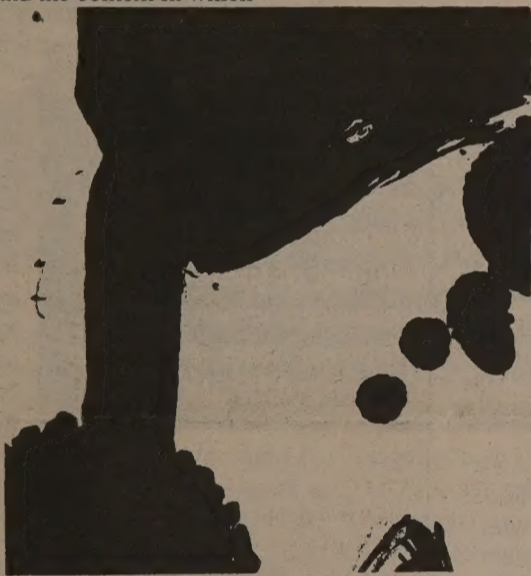
No sooner did he get possession of himself so as to be able to speak, then he asked the personages who stood above him in the light, which of all the sects was right, and which he should join. He asked, "Must I join the Methodist Church?" The Lord answered, "No, they are not my people. They have gone astray." He was answered that he must join none of the religious sects or parties, for they were all wrong and corrupt. And the Personage who addressed him said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight, that those professors were all corrupt.

He said, "Behold the world lieth in sin at this time and there is none that doeth good. No, not one. They have turned aside from the Gospel and keep not my commandments. They draw near to me with their lips but their hearts are far from me." They told him that all religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines, and consequently, that none of them was acknowledged of God, as His church and kingdom. "They teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of Godliness but they deny the power thereof."

He again forbade him to join with any of them, and he was expressly commanded to "go not after them," and many other things did he say unto him. At the same time he received a promise that the fulness of the Gospel should at some future time be made known unto him.

The Lord said, "Mine anger is kindling against the inhabitants of the earth, to visit them according to this ungodliness and to bring to pass that which hath been spoken by the mouth of the prophets and Apostles. Behold and lo, I come quickly, as it is written of me in the cloud, clothed in the glory of my Father."

He saw many angels in this vision, and his soul was filled with love. The vision then withdrew and vanished.

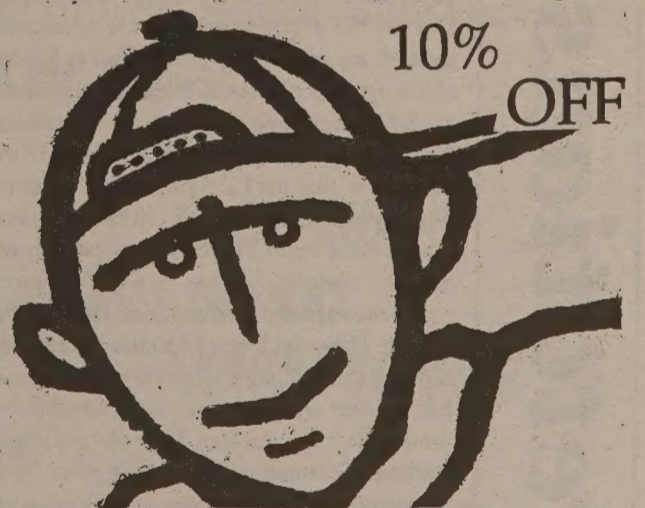


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# Issues & Opinions

## The Constitution and Academic Fiefdom

by J. Scott Craig

In the fall of 1939, the New York Board of Higher Education hired a new Chair for the City College of New York's Philosophy Department. The decision was met with immediate resistance from a body of students, parents, and faculty who vehemently disapproved of many of the new employee's writings and personal practices. Seeking the release of this professor, the citizens took the matter to court. On March 30, 1940, the Supreme Court of the State of New York issued its opinion concerning the employment of this polemical professor—Bertrand Russell (*Kay v. Board of Higher Education*, 18 N.Y.S.2d 821).

Russell's written encouragement of premarital intercourse, adultery, homosexuality, and masturbation were cited by the plaintiffs as doctrines subversive to the minds and morals of potential students. The Court readily acknowledged that "the contention of the petitioner that Mr. Russell has taught in his books immoral and salacious doctrines is amply sustained by the books conceded to be the writings of Bertrand Russell, which were offered in evidence" (827).

The Board emphasized the notion that Russell was hired to teach mathematics—not philosophy—thus rendering the petitioners' claim irrelevant.

The Court's majority opinion, however, discarded the Board's arguments, siding wholly with the petitioners:

"Assuming that Mr. Russell could teach for two years in City College without promulgating the doctrines which he seems to find necessary to spread on the printed pages at frequent intervals, his appointment violates a perfectly obvious canon of pedagogy, namely, that the personality of the teacher has more to do with forming a student's opinion than many syllogisms. A person we despise and who is lacking in ability cannot argue us into imitating him. A person whom we like and is of outstanding ability, does not have to try. It is contended that Mr. Russell is extraordinary. That makes him the more dangerous... When we consider how susceptible the human mind is to the ideas and philosophy of teaching professors, it is apparent

that the Board of Higher Education either disregarded the probable consequences of their acts or were more concerned with advocating a cause that appeared to them to present a challenge to so-called 'academic-freedom' without according suitable consideration of the other aspects of the problem before them. While this court would not interfere with any action of the board so far as a pure

question of 'valid' academic freedom is concerned, it will not tolerate academic freedom being used as a cloak to promote the popularization in the minds of adolescents of acts forbidden by the Penal Law.

This appointment affects the public health, safety and morals of the community and it is the duty of the court to act. Academic freedom does not mean academic license. It is the freedom to do good and not to teach evil (829)."

Thus ended Russell's brief term at the City College, and thus commenced the prolonged judicial history of "academic freedom."

But what is academic freedom? *Black's Law Dictionary*, following the Kay decision, defines it as the "right to teach as one sees fit, but not necessarily the right to teach evil" (Black 1990, 11). This definition expresses the fundamental question confronted by courts with reference to the issue: the balance between the institution's interest in fostering community values and First Amendment interests in stemming censorship.

The United States Supreme Court has seldom had occasion to establish firm precedent in this area of law. The primary reason lies in the nature of public education. As the power to organize an educational system is not specifically delegated to the United States by the Constitution, the Tenth Amendment relegates this authority to the individual States. Furthermore, contrary to popular opinion, there is no constitutional right or guarantee of education. As Justice Powell stated in the majority

opinion of *San Antonio School Dist. v. Rodriguez*:

"Education, of course, is not among the rights afforded explicit protection under our Federal Constitution. Nor do we find any basis for saying it is implicitly so protected. As we have said, the undisputed importance of education will not alone cause this Court to depart from the usual standard for reviewing a State's social and economic legislation" (411 U.S. 35 {1973}).

Rendering appropriate deference, the Supreme Court has permitted the States almost unrestricted freedom in regulation of public schools at all levels. Rare instances of judicial intervention have arisen when curriculum restrictions have interfered with applicable constitutional rights. For example, *Meyer v. Nebraska* overturned a state law prohibiting foreign language instruction for young children based on Justice McReynold's controversial interpretation of substantive due process (262 U.S. 390 {1923}). The majority in *Epperson v. Arkansas* found the practice of excluding the theory of evolution in secondary schools (because of perceived contradictions with Protestant creationist ideals), to violate the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment (393 U.S. 97 {1968}). The defeat of state regulations in both of these cases was effected by the lack of a compelling state interest to justify the suspension of the Due Process clause (in *Meyer*) and the Establishment Clause (in *Epperson*). To this date, no Supreme Court decision has favored teachers' freedom of speech over State autonomy in defining schools' curricula.

Indeed, the pattern of Court decisions has defended the State's expansive power in such matters, oblivious to arguments for unrestricted freedom of speech for instructors. In defining the extent of institutional autonomy, the Warren Court acknowledged the administration's right to determine 1) who may teach,

Rendering appropriate deference, the Supreme Court has permitted the States almost unrestricted freedom in regulation of public schools at all levels. Rare instances of judicial intervention have arisen when curriculum restrictions have interfered with applicable constitutional rights.

2) what may be taught, 3) how it shall be taught, and 4) who may be admitted to study (*Sweazy v. New Hampshire*, 354 U.S. 234 {1957}). These powers were recently

**"Academic Fiefdom" cont. next page**

## My Own Feminist Style

During a VOICE meeting last winter, while I sat listening to Lavina Fielding Anderson talk about the abuse many women and men have received at the hands of their priesthood leaders, the same thought kept running through my mind. "Something must be wrong with me; nothing like this has ever happened to me or anyone I know." The same thought raced through my mind a few weeks ago as I listened to an English professor talk about her experiences as a feminist in the Mormon religion.

While these two women were not talking about the same topic, they both presented their concerns about women in the Church as connected to problems they see within the LDS patriarchal order of the priesthood. While I don't disagree entirely with their criticisms, I sometimes fear that feminists won't accept me if I don't agree with these two women's philosophies entirely. And I don't.

I believe in the patriarchal order, and that the priesthood is a gift from God to men. How can I be a Mormon feminist and still believe in the patriarchal order? I think it has a lot to do with the experiences I've had over the years. I had a father who respected and valued the opinions, thoughts, and ideas of my mother. In my eyes, they have always worked together as a team, not as one leading or competing against the other. And I had leaders in my wards that respected the women in the ward, so that everyone would feel accepted and needed. In fact, my home ward bishop often calls our Relief Society president his "third counselor."

Throughout my life, I have had women leaders that believed (and taught) that women should express their ideas, should pursue their goals, and should fill all their potential. I was told about the benefits and blessings of marriage, but never has any leader ever told me a woman would be nothing without marriage.

And perhaps most influential on my feelings is my mother's belief and teaching that the priesthood was given to men to make them equal to women. I agree with that. Furthermore, I was always encouraged by her to be anything I wanted, whether it be an actress or dancer or a doctor. I felt like I was an intelligent, needed part of my family, and that I could contribute to discussions and debates as well as any other member of my family. In fact, when I was 19, and my grandmother told me I was an old maid, my mother came to my

defense, saying that my "real life," as an active, educated woman, was just beginning.

Call me lucky, call me blessed, call me naive. The fact remains I never had priesthood leaders tell me I can't think, speak, or act the way I do. I have never felt demeaned in anyway by my priesthood leaders.

And yet, I call myself a feminist, and am concerned about the same things that I believe Lavina Anderson and other Mormon feminists concern themselves with. I know unrighteous abuse exists in the Church, and I know it needs to be talked about, no matter how uncomfortable it may make some people. I believe in equality of the genders; women should be able to gain the same education and have the same opportunities as men. I believe my husband should put in equal effort in raising our future children; it's not just my responsibility—it's ours. And I'm pro-choice, because while I believe abortion is immoral, I believe it would be a worse crime to take this legal option away from those poor women who need it.

Unfortunately, I sometimes feel belittled for my view of feminism, especially within the Utah/Mormon culture. Not just by some men, but also by other Mormon "feminists." I sometimes feel as though I'm being told that belief in and support of the priesthood order isn't compatible with "true" feminism. Or, that if I believe Lavina Anderson's tragic incidences of spiritual abuse are just, I'm counted as an honest supporter of Mormon feminism.

Why can't I? Someone mentioned during that evening with the English professor that there is a type of feminism for every woman or man. Too often, in the Utah/Mormon culture where similar beliefs are encouraged and sometimes demanded, I find that feminists fall subject to the same error they are trying to overcome: if you don't believe in my style of feminism, then you aren't a true feminist.

Actually, there is room for everyone—every woman, every man—in feminism. Too much good can be done through feminist reform to fight about "membership" in that body of thought. We need to accept that not everyone sees something wrong with the whole system, and not everyone wants to attack what many of us believe has been revealed and determined as inspired. Some of us are content with the Church and the priesthood order, but are just as determined to change attitudes about respecting women. Some of us are content with the leadership of the Church, but are just as supportive of the work, even in the face of some opposition, that good people like Lavina Anderson are doing. That doesn't mean we're not feminists. We just have a different style.

Melissa Madsen Fox

Interpretations

# Issues & Opinions

## Faith, Hope, and Laissez-Faire

by Catheryne Young

I returned this summer from eighteen months of missionary service in Eastern Europe. Upon arrival, I was barraged by one question from almost everyone—"What was it like living in a Communist country?" Ironically, no one ever stuck around to hear my response. So, I'd like to publicly express my feelings.

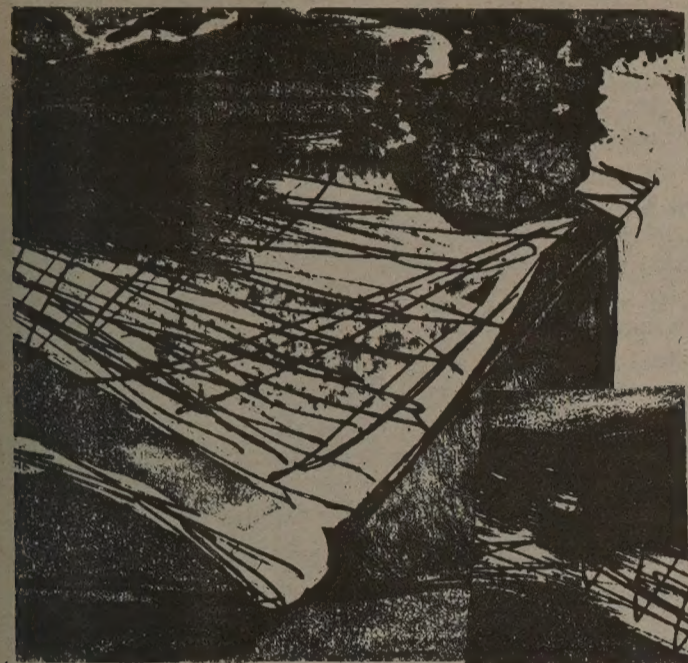
Firstly, I served in an area which was undergoing a trying transformation from a command economy to capitalism. The change was perhaps most stressful for the people. All their lives they have been taught that the whole is more important than its constituent parts, that cooperation is the greatest value in society. Many were satisfied with their harmonious, though meager existence (compared with Western standards). In the wake of a brief, bloody, and popularly misunderstood revolution, the traditional moral foundation is sum-

marily supplanted by a new ethic—greed, the flame of Lady Liberty's torch. Capitalism stumbles forward groggily, disappointing the Western World's hope for a miraculous turn-around.

Now I sit in the back in Economics 110. Another day spent extolling the efficiency of capitalism. Another day spent ignoring the system's moral foundation (if one exists). The professor once inquired, "How can we justify such a self-interested way of doing things?"

"Ha! That's the beauty of it!" was the nearly universal response. "If we all just act in such a way that we are benefitted, then the mysterious 'invisible hand' will move among us, performing its strange magic." No. The only serious objections they make deal with potential inefficiencies. "True. Monopolies are a serious concern."

I grew up in America. I learned the litany of capitalism and democracy from



my youth, as I suppose most of us have. However, it was not until I was on a mission, bathed in the Word of God, and immersed in a community-oriented culture, that I began to question my economic upbringing. How could I reconcile seeking my own gain with loving my neighbor? Why did Christ's people have all things in common, rather than in private holdings? Why is Zion always associated with just distribution of wealth? Does a profitable end justify self-serving means?

Though it leaves me vulnerable at BYU, I cannot complacently accept capitalism, despite its productive advantages over other economic theories. After all, when I seek admittance to the House of the Lord, the Bishop doesn't ask, "Are you *efficient* in all of your dealings with your fellow man?" I anxiously await the day when the Saints in America will reflect on the ethical grounding of their economic practices and then turn to a better way.

Continued . . .

## Academic Fiefdom

reaffirmed in the ground-breaking equal access case of *Widmar v. Vincent*, and added to the list was the authority to judiciously allocate scarce resources (454 U.S. 263 {1981}).

Though all are significant, one of these enumerated rights has drawn more fire than the others—the curriculum power. However, since the controversial anti-evolution "monkey laws" of the 1950s, to more recent laws prohibiting discussion of birth control and homosexuality in public learning institutions, the Court has wielded the constitutional aegis in defense of the administration. Justice Black, in his concurring opinion in *Epperson v. Arkansas*, stated that "there is no reason I can imagine why a State is without power to withdraw from its curriculum any subject deemed too emotional and controversial for its public schools...I am also not ready to hold that a person hired to teach school children takes with him into the classroom a constitutional right to teach sociological, economic, political, or religious subjects that the school's managers do not want discussed" (393 U.S. 113-14). Similarly, in *Mercer v. Michigan State Board of Education*, dealing with state laws banning in-school discussion of birth control, the court held that "there is nothing in the First Amendment that gives a person employed to teach the Constitutional right to teach beyond an established curriculum" (379 F.Supp. 585; affirmed in 419 U.S. 1081 {1974}). Hence the curriculum formed by the State for public schools provides constitutionally legitimate bounds on teachers' free speech, so long as it does not constrain other rights sans a compelling interest.

Though public school administrations have great

curriculum power, private institutions (including BYU) have virtually unlimited power. Why? Because despite popular misconceptions, the First Amendment protects citizens' liberties solely against laws of Congress. Although the Fourteenth Amendment extends this protection to cover State laws and actions, it still offers no guarantee against policies of private colleges and universities. In other words, even if the Supreme Court were to begin accepting First Amendment claims as constitutional limitations on institutional autonomy, commission of academic freedom crimes would be constitutionally impossible for private institutions (both secular and religious).

Lack of sufficient legal understanding leads many individuals in the learning community to assume that universities belong more to the faculty than the administration. Also, the misguided assumption that the Constitution requires a just and unfettered freedom of speech for teachers leads to cacophony on campus when such license is abridged. Blindly indignant letters flow into editors' mailboxes, biting articles emerge in marginal publications, disgruntled professors resign as martyrs, and students publicly demand the end of "academic terrorism." Finding no refuge in the Constitution, and feeling the sting of telling critiques of their position, such individuals tilt their pet windmills with increased ardor. Though such passionate dedication is laudable, it is unlikely to convince the university community without rational support of a legal or ethical nature. Until the academic libertarians begin to articulate their thought in arguments, rather than in slogans, their position will be utterly vacant of credibility.

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**The Skatalites**



**Special Beat**

(Ranking Roger and Neville Staples)

## The Ocean Blue

CONCERT • PREVIEW

by Mathias Polder

Imagine turning on the radio one day and hearing guitar strains reminiscent of Echo & The Bunnymen, a bass line something akin to that of the Smiths, a typical drum beat somewhere in the background, and vocals floating just a bit above where you'd expect them. Such is The Ocean Blue, a band of youngsters from Hershey, Pennsylvania.

The Ocean Blue recently released their third album, *Beneath The Rhythm And Sound*, and are coming to Club DV8 on Friday, November 12th. They are worth investing the time and money to see them live.

This author first saw the band when they opened for The Mighty Lemon Drops in 1990 after the release of their first, self-titled album. They had a bouncy stage presence that quickly got you into the dancing mood. Lead singer and guitarist David Schelzel proved his worth as a musician as he sang, jostled and played some pretty intricate guitar parts all at the same time. The keyboardist, Steve Lau, doubled as saxophone player and backing vocalist, and was another lively figure on stage. And bassist Bobby Mittan and drummer Rob Minnig came through with a good rhythm section.

The Ocean Blue has maintained a consistently simple yet alluring sound by combining standard rhythms with backing keyboards and an occasional guitar solo. Some of their songs have a slower tempo, with an acoustic sound adding to the mellow feeling. The faster tracks rely more on solid rhythms than tricky guitar solos, to lead the listener along. While the lyrics are nothing to evoke deep thought, they add an essential part to each song and one can't help but sing or hum along. The blending of vocals, steady bass and drums, keyboard, and guitar all fuse together to make easily enjoyable music. A good example of this is "Sublime," the single off their latest album. While not overly exciting, the vocals attract one to join in with the chorus of "it was so sublime," while the guitar makes you groove regardless of surroundings.

Get your tickets soon and don't miss the opportunity to be entertained by the most enjoyable pop band to come out of our nation's chocolate capital since Kiss.

## History Repeats Itself: Ska to the Present

by Scott Whitmore and Clay Callaway

"Hey, Skavooie" is how Clue J would greet his hep friends in the 1960s dancehalls of Jamaica's music scene. In the 1950s Jamaica took its music from the United States. American R&B, boogie-woogie and jazz could be heard in the dancehalls every weekend and importers could make generous livings bringing records across the Caribbean to anxious music fans. Upon its birth rock & roll conquered the US music industry. Jamaicans, however, were not converted, and some Jamaican entrepreneurs decided it was time to create a distinct version of Jamaican popular music. Combining R&B, jazz and a Jamaican folk music called mento, and borrowing from Clue J's favorite greeting, ska was born. With the characteristic strong off beat, blues swing, and powerful brass, ska took Jamaica by storm. After several years of success that spawned hundreds of ska groups in Jamaica, the man who invented ska, Clement Dodd, decided he needed to start his own ska band. Acting as manager he brought together the most talented artists who had been around since the beginning. In 1962 the Skatalites began a worldwide ska revolution. In the late sixties, political changes and the large growth of the rastafarian movement brought the development of reggae, ending the reign of ska.

The restless British scene of the early 80s saw the birth of many different musical styles. Musicians were looking for new ways to express the political oriented punk attitude. A small group looked to the old Jamaican ska. Jerry Dammers founded the 2

Tone label in 1979 and with a slightly faster beat and more emphasized upbeat the Specials revived the ska sound. Their first album even included the help of an original Skatalites member, Rico Rodriguez. The 2 Tone label soon signed other young bands like The English Beat, Madness and The Selecter, and ska dominated the English music scene for several years. The principal bands broke up after only a few albums and ska once again went underground waiting for another opportunity to resurface.

British ska, however, found limited success in the United States. An expatriate Brit named Rob Hingley (better known as Bucket) living in New York saw the potential of the "good time" upbeat music. Taking inspiration from the 2 Tone and

Jamaican sound he started the Toasters in 1984. Not wanting to wait to be signed by an established record label, Bucket formed Moon Records to produce Toasters albums. The underground ska sound was a sensation in NYC and bands started to pop up all over the country. The sound never became a popular hit until recently as bands like Fishbone and The Mighty Mighty Bosstones have given ska their own twists. But the Toasters continued to pump out their original sounds under the inspiration of Bucket (the only remaining member from the original band), releasing their "New York Fever" LP last December and touring the U.S. with yet another line-up.

Utah lacked what could really be called a scene. Bands popped up here and there experimenting with many different musical styles. Insatiable formed in 1984 and went through many line-up and musical changes before settling on ska. In 1988 a true music scene really started to emerge in small clubs in SLC and any house that could be found in Provo. Insatiable brought home grown ska to SLC as Swim Herschel Swim started to popularize the ska sound in Provo, bringing fans in droves. The ABC Ska Society (once an on-campus BYU club!) brought together the

lovers of the upbeat rhythms and the scene that flourished Los Angeles and New York for many years found a home in Utah. With many people calling ska a dying style, Utah has become one of the last havens for the hippest sounds, bringing in ska bands from all over the world, and giving them crowds that they find in very few cities.

Ska lives on in the hearts of



**The Selecter**

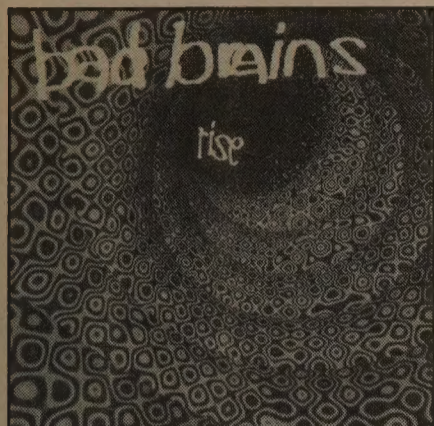
any lovers of an upbeat, goodtime music. Its blasting horns and driving rhythms make even the dullest duds move their feet. On November 6, the musical history of ska comes together in one show. The Skatalites, the Special Beat, the Selecter, the Toasters and Insatiable will be playing in one music hall and the beat won't stop till dawn. The Skatalites have stayed together for 30 years, writing and performing hundreds of songs. This summer they released a new album entitled "Skavooie." The Special Beat contains former members of the Specials and The Beat. The Special Beat continues to play the 2 Tone classics, but has also added a score of new originals. They recently released a live LP and video. The Selecter reformed in 1991 with the original singer and guitarist and former members of Bad Manners. Just this year they hit the studio to cut an entirely new LP. Insatiable quickly sold out of their first cassette, but have plans to record a CD in the near future.

Come join the rude boys and girls for a night of fantastic rhythms and toe tapping sounds, and skank to your hearts content. If you're not sure how, just look over at the people in the slick black suits, pork-pie hats, skinny ties, and black-and-white checked mini skirts; they'll show you how.

## Bad Brains Rising?

by Ben Shipley

Long, we have waited for the only D.C. band that can thrash and get irie in the same set to come out with a new album. Four years have elapsed since Bad Brains released their last album *Quickness*—the album which finally established them on the



college radio circuit. The bliss was not destined to last, however. Almost immediately after the release of the album, lead singer H.R. announced he would be splitting off and delving into the more serious reggae scene where his praises of Jah would be heard and not bounced off the heads of moshers in the pit. The replacement singer, Israel Joseph, manages, but he lacks the originality and charisma of H.R.

This new album, *Rise*, as a whole is well produced, but is missing the innovation and uniqueness of earlier Bad Brains' gems.

The album opens with some nasty guitar licks that settle into the equally powerful title track "Rise." The song gets the adrenaline pumping with chantings of rebellion and liberation from the establishment. And Israel's voice keeps up with the energy and dynamics of Dr. Know's constantly up-and-down guitar playing.

After the first song, Dr. Know and his guitar take over the spotlight with beautifully strung-together riffs. The lyrics become lost with the dominance of the guitar. This does not diminish the strength of the album, however, for his guitar more effectively portrays the attitude and message of Bad Brains' music.

Interspersed within these hard hitting songs are more melodic, reggae-esque tunes. Balance is brought to the album through the easy beats and the shift in tempo massages one's palpitating heart. The song, "Love Is The Answer," preaches revolutionary ideology in a more palatable fashion: "We

a go mash it down an' bring on revolution with my Jah, Jah sound... Love is the answer, this you must remember."

The album on its own stands strong, but I find Israel Joseph shamelessly ripping off H.R.'s vocal style. It's hard for me to respect a band who tries to rip *themselves* off by exploiting their previous formula for success. There is also a lack of progress in this album, lyrically and musically, from *Quickness*. The format and guitar work, though outstanding and exciting, is very reminiscent of their earlier album and consequently mires them in stagnation.

If you are looking for a band who manages to be hard and meaningful while juxtaposing peaceful reggae rhythms, this is an excellent album to tune into. Those of you who have followed Bad Brains from the beginning will most likely feel violated by the rip-off of their earlier works. I recommend pulling out *i against i*, sitting back, and basking in their past achievements.

*Bad Brains will be in town Saturday November 6th at Club DV8.*

## Curbside Recycling

by Jayd McFerson

The late 70s Los Angeles punk scene spawned monumental bands such as Black Flag, the Circle Jerks, and X. Exemplifying the movement's anarchistic and primitive spirit were the Germs, a primal force too flatulent to survive with, and too vital to thrive without.

The Germs collected LA's alienated and frustrated youth under their vehement wings, becoming unlikely idols. Unfortunately, the band functioned at an unrestrained intensity and fell prey to its own scorched-earth policy. Bowing out after two short years and only two legitimate recordings, the Germs lived fast and died way too young.

Leading the Germs was Darby Crash, a manic, masochistic teenager raised on a steady diet of nihilism. Onstage, Crash's bruised, burned, and scarred body resembled a relic from a self-imposed war. Mimicking his idol Iggy Pop, Crash attacked the audience and himself with complete disregard. Offstage, he idled away time with a pet tarantula and heavy doses of drugs. On December 8, 1980, Crash died like his heroes, the victim of a lethal dose of drugs that many believe he deliberately administered.

The Germs' lyrics reflected their stark anti-social stance. Songs like "Land of Treason" and "We Must

## Nevermind the Sex Pistols, Here's the Germs

Bleed" spewed lurid denunciations at American culture. Crash's inarticulate thrashing reflected the yearning and despairing tone of the early punk movement. His delivery was accosting, slurred, and word-drunk, as the vocals strained to keep pace with the frantic music.

Appropriately, the music teetered on the edge of complete chaos. Raw and powerful hooks embodied punk's streetwise fury, resulting in a contagious mix of artistry and destruction. Epitomizing the scene's "do-it-yourself" ethic, the Germs set the standards of anti-musicianship.

Although infinitely influential, the Germs have historically been punk's worst-represented band. However, both the *What We Do Is Secret* 12" single financed on \$1,000 by Slash Records, and the *GI* album produced in a makeshift studio by Joan Jett, are now available on a definitive 30-track collection. The disc, entitled *MIA (A Complete Anthology)*, also incorporates previously unavailable studio and live rarities. In the true spirit of the Germs, the liner notes simply read, "We make no apologies for the sound quality of any of these recordings." With the release of *MIA*, the Germs' deservedly lingering corpse can finally rest in peace.

*Curbside Recycling is an occasional Noise feature spotlighting outdated dands or albums and discussing their importance and influence on current music.*

Continued . . .

## Kisses

When the Wing Dingended I was able to gain control of my thoughts/hormones and reflect on what will go down in history as one of the most bizarre nights of my life. First, I noticed that none of my customers fell into the Person-who-has-to-pay-to-get-a-kiss category. As a matter of fact, they were all pretty cute. If I hadn't benefitted personally from the situation, I would have thought it was a shame that these women couldn't get kisses from other (read: non-waged) sources. Second, throughout the proceedings I noticed an air of sexual repression that seemed to be on the breaking point. Some customers took considerable liberties with me when you realize they only paid one dollar (not that I'm complaining). It looks like all of Provo is in need of some "good lovin'" right now. Lust could easily become the hot new growth industry in Utah Valley.

Judging from the number of female customers to male customers (women outnumbered the men by a margin of 4 to 1) it would seem the men of Provo are not fulfilling their social responsibilities. I call upon all men who read this to rise up from the dust and take some nice young woman out this weekend. Either that or you can send a van-load over to my house this Friday.

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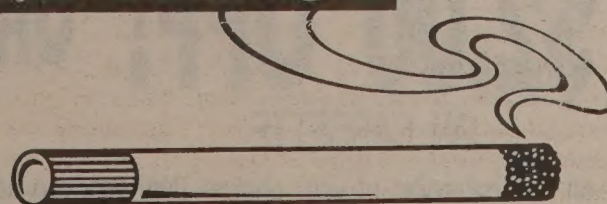


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## Quit smoking.



# Calendar

If you would like something in the calendar please call Jennifer at 375-0585. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

## THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

**International Cinema**, Nov 2-6: In the Shadows of the Stars (Eng/Opera), Distant Harmony (Eng/Mand), Solaris (Rus), Death in Venice (Eng/Ital); Nov 9-13: Dear America (Eng), Otello (Ital/Opera), Tangos (Fr/Sp); 250 SWKT, call 378-5751 for showtimes.  
**Varsity Theatres**, call 378-3311 for showtimes.  
**The Cure Show**, till Nov 4, 9:15 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.  
**Giselle**, Nov 3-6, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Nov 6), Ballet West, for info and tickets call ArtTix 355-2787.  
**The Mysteries: Creation**, Nov 3-6, 7:30 pm (Nov 6, also 2:30 pm), 2084 JKHB, an adaptation of medieval mystery plays by Bernard Sahlins and directed by Darise Error, \$4 or \$1 for English Society members (see Dept. in 3146 JKHB).  
**Dames at Sea**, Nov 4, 11-12, & 19, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.  
**U of U Ballet Showcase**, Nov 5-6, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Nov 6), Marriott Center for Dance Hayes/Christensen Theatre, call 581-5942.  
**Betty**, Nov 5-11, 3:00 & 7:20 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.  
**Music of Chance**, Nov 5-11, 5:10 & 9:20 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S,

SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.  
**Israeli Dance Ensemble**, Nov 6, 8 pm, Kingsbury Hall, U of U, Keshet Chaim Dance Troupe, expressing the spirit of Judaism & Israeli culture, 581-7100 for info.  
**Alfred Stieglitz Loves O'Keefe**, till Nov 6, 8 pm TH-Sa & 7 pm Su, Salt Lake Arts Center (by Theatre Works West), 583-6520.  
**Woman In Mind**, Nov 10-13, 8 pm, Jewett Center at Westminster College, 484-7651.  
**Wait Until Dark**, till Nov 13, Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 649-9371.  
**The Hunchback of Notre Dame**, till Nov 13, 7:30 pm M-TH & 8 pm FS, Pioneer Theatre, call 581-6961.  
**Charlie and the Chocolate Factory**, till Nov 13, Saturdays at noon, Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, 298-1302.  
**Ghost Stories**, till Nov 15, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.  
**Porgy & Bess**, Nov 15-16, 7:30 pm, Capitol Theatre, 419 E 100 S, SLC, tickets at Art Tix or call 355-ARTS, \$40, \$35, & \$30.  
**The Hasty Heart**, till Nov 20, 8 pm MTHFS, Hale Center Theater Orem, 225 W 400 N, \$4, \$5, & \$6, call 226-8600.  
**Five on a Honeymoon**, till Nov 20, Hale Center Theater, 2801 S Main St., SLC, reservations required, call 484-9257 for more info.  
**1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series**, call 378-7447 for info and tickets, shows are 11-27 Nov: Alice in Wonderland; 10-26 Feb: Merry Wives of Windsor; 24 Mar-Apr 1: Of Mice & Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

## CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

**Synthesis**, Nov 3, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, BYU, featuring the Big Band sounds of The First Circle, Dizzyland, & T.O., tickets at Music Ticket Office, HFAC, \$6 general, \$4 students/faculty/seniors, 378-4322.  
**Taylor McDonald**, Nov 3, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.  
**Depeche Mode with The The**, Nov 4, Delta Center, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX or the Delta Center.  
**Greg Smith**, Nov 4, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.  
**Mike Waterman**, Nov 5, Mama's Cafe, acoustic guitarist from SLC, 373-1525.  
**The Hinge with Eight Miles High**, Nov 5, 9:30 pm, Godfather's, 333 E 1300 S Orem, 226-2040, \$3.  
**Craig James Green**, Nov 5, 8 pm, Cafe Haven, 1605 S State, Orem, twelve-string guitarist, \$3, 221-9910.  
**Inaugural Organ Concert Series**, Nov 5, 8 pm, Cathedral of The Madeleine, Javier Garduno of the Natl. Conservatory of Music in Mexico City, performing, FREE.  
**Johnny Rowan**, Nov 6, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.  
**Bad Brains with Prong & Barkmarket**, Nov 6, DV8, 115 S West Temple, SLC, 539-8400.  
**Skavoozee**, Nov 6, Spanish Fork Fairgrounds, bands are Special Beat, The Selecter, The Toasters, Skatalites, Insatiable, \$15, tickets at Sonic Garden, 37-SONIC.  
**Picture This**, Nov 8, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.  
**The Slamheads**, Nov 9, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.  
**Steven Baird**, Nov 10, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

**Skankin Pickle with Psychodelic Zombiez & Stretch Armstrong**, Nov 12, 7 pm, Meridian School, 931 E 300 N, Provo, tickets at Sonic Garden, Graywhale, Crandall, & Modified Music, \$7 advance, \$9 at the door.  
**Squeeze with Over the Rhine**, Nov 14, Saltair, 7:30 pm, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.  
**Spyro Gyra**, Nov 16, Saltair, 7:30 pm, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.  
**SNFU with Phleg Camp & Bouncing Souls**, Nov 17, 8:30 pm, Bar & Grill, 60 E 800 S, SLC, \$7, 359-8305.  
**Peter, Paul, & Mary**, Nov 18, Abravanel Hall, tickets at ArtTix.

## CLUB GUIDE

**(shows change nightly)**  
**Bar & Grill**, rock & alternative, 60 E 800 S (SLC), 533-0340.  
**Bourbon Street Bar & Grill**, comedy, R & B, 241 S 500 E (SLC), 359-5905.  
**Cinema Bar at Spanky's**, rock & alternative, 45 W Broadway (SLC), 359-1200.  
**D.B. Cooper's**, jazz & acoustic, 19 E 200 S (SLC), 532-2948.  
**Dead Goat Saloon**, rock & alternative, 165 S West Temple (SLC), 328-GOAT.  
**DV8**, modern music & live bands, 115 S West Temple (SLC), 539-8400.  
**Gepetto's (Univ)**, jazz & acoustic, 230 S 1300 E (SLC), 583-1013.  
**Godfather's Pizza**, local bands, 333 E 1300 S (Orem), 226-2040.  
**Green Parrot**, rock & alternative, 155 W 200 S (SLC), 363-3201.  
**Green Street**, rock & Sat. jazz, 610 Trolley Square (SLC), 532-4200.  
**Johnny B's Comedy Club**, 300 S 117 W (Provo), 377-6910.

**Mama's Cafe**, local everything, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525.  
**Pier 54**, jazz, blues, & other, 117 N University Ave (Provo), 377-5454.  
**Tropicana Club**, live Latin American music, 1130 E 2100 S (SLC), 486-9559.  
**Zephyr Club**, rock & alternative, 301 S West Temple (SLC), 355-CLUB.

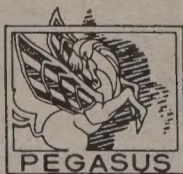
## EVENTS, ETC.

**CES Fireside**, Nov 7, Marriott Center, Boyd K. Packer speaking.  
**BYU at San Diego State**, Nov 11, 6 pm, ESPN.  
**Tuesday Devotional**, Nov 16, 11 am, Marriott Center, Elaine L. Jack speaking.  
**South by Southwest Music and Media Conference**, Feb 16-20, Austin, Texas, early registration (\$175) closes Nov 12th, write to SXSW Headquarters, PO Box 4999, Austin, Texas 78765 or call (512) 467-7979 (FAX 512-451-0754).

## EDITOR'S PICK

Okay, there are just too many cool things going on. I'll just have to list everything that I *know* is worth going out of your way for (in no particular order): The Cure Show at Tower Theatre (till Nov 4), the play "Woman in Mind" at Westminster College (Nov 10-13; previously at BYU, received raves & raves), Depeche Mode/The The (Nov 4), Skavoozee (Nov 6)—THE Ska show everyone will be at, and for the tight-budgeted student (but please tip), Mike Waterman (at Mama's, Nov 5), who opened for Kim Simpson early last month and was really great. Also promising are Giselle (performed by Ballet West, Nov 3-6), and something quite different, an Israeli Dance Ensemble (Nov 6).

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